

## LOOK AT CHILD'S TONGUE IF SICK, CROSS, FEVERISH

HURRY, MOTHER! REMOVE POISONS FROM LITTLE STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS.

GIVE CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS AT ONCE IF BILIOUS OR CONSTIPATED.



Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, it is a sure sign that your little one's stomach, liver and bowels needs a gentle, thorough cleansing at once.

When peevish, cross, listless, pale, doesn't sleep, doesn't eat or act naturally, or is feverish, stomach sour, breath bad; has stomach-ache, sore throat, diarrhea, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of the little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again.

You needn't coax sick children to take this harmless "fruit laxative," they love its delicious taste, and it always makes them feel splendid.

Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here. To be sure you get the genuine, ask to see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other kind with contempt.—Adv.

## MANY OWN LIBERTY BONDS

Conservative Estimate That There Is One in Every Home Throughout the Country.

Before the war there were substantially 11,000,000 savings bank depositors. Add to this 3,000,000 depositors in state banks, which list, of course, includes many commercial accounts—400,000 in California savings banks, 100,000 in private banks. After eliminating duplications, it would likely be liberal to estimate that there were 14,000,000 money-savers in the United States before the war, with not to exceed 10,000,000 families probably represented in this number. The fourth Liberty loan was supported by 21,000,000 subscriptions. It would likely be extremely conservative to say that 3,000,000 others have subscribed to former issues of the Liberty loan, and were unable to do so in the fourth loan. We can then with safety say there are 24,000,000 owners of Liberty bonds in America today. By the elimination of 4,000,000 for duplicates we are not in danger of misstating facts when we say that there is now a bond in every home in the country.—Thrill Magazine.

### Keeping the Faith.

A man returning from Philadelphia tells of a rugged newsboy who, after his papers were all sold, still stood near Independence hall lustily shouting the news of Germany's surrender. "I'm just a-doin' what the Liberty bell would do if it could," explained the little patriot.

Character is the substance; reputation the shadow.

## Solid Winter Nourishment

The real food elements of wheat and barley so made as to be rich in sugar, and ready to eat from package with milk or cream. That is Grape-Nuts. A Substantial Food and Economical

# Blink's Christmas Gift

by Alfred C. Pickells

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"Couldn't you stop it?"

BLINK CORRIGAN looked from Skeeter's mournful face to the bundle of papers under the lad's arm as the little fellow turned from a signboard at the edge of the alley.

"What youse whimperin' about, y'mutt?" he asked. Then as Skeeter fingered his newspapers, he added, "Stuck?"

"I are," replied Skeeter sadly, leaning against the corner of the building, one foot resting on top of the other. "An' look dere."

Blink cocked his left eye in the direction of Skeeter's nod, and with an exclamation of boyish delight beheld the dramatic scenes portrayed in brilliant colors.

Blink was nicknamed for that defection of his left eye, and readily recognizing that short, un-complicated names were suitable for the needs of their profession, he had applied "Skeeter" to his diminutive younger brother with the authority of the elder brother of a fatherless family.

"Why Didn't I See Dat Last Week?" After a few minutes of hard mental labor Blink spelled out the wording. "Great Mike!" he exclaimed. "Why didn't I see dat last week?" Then turning to Skeeter, "Say, Skeeter, leave us go tonight, hey? It's de 'Newsboy Detective.' It's at de Regent, an' we ken git in de loft fer 15 cents."

Again Skeeter's face was overspread with sadness. "I only got 'nough to buy mudder's Christmas present, an' six cents over," replied the boy. "An' people ain't buyin' no more."

"Aw, choke it off; youse ain't on de job a little bit," retorted Blink, although he knew that the demand for papers was decreasing. He glanced at Skeeter's big armpit and then at his own slim pile, and softened a bit. "G'wan now, make a hurry," he added. "I'll give youse de foist chance."

A customer whistled and Skeeter ran off. Blink fished the coins in his pocket. "I'll help de poor kid if he don't sell enough," he told himself.

"Sold tree," came Skeeter's shrill voice from the corner.

Blink beckoned to him with wildly waving arms. "Hey, youse, pipe yer lights over dere!" he shouted, pointing across the street. "G'wan, beat it."

Dodging in and out among the wagons and carriages, Skeeter started across the street on a run. The street was crowded with traffic at that point, there was a great confusion of noises, and the little fellow did not hear the warning shouts that preceded a heavy dray drawn by two runaway horses. Suddenly it crashed full into an empty carriage, and beneath the torn canvas, the splintered wood and glass and the twisted iron lay Skeeter, stunned.

Blink, too, was stunned by the suddenness of the accident. Then bystanders helped him extricate both Skeeter and one of the men of the team. Skeeter revived quickly, but the man was severely injured, and while he and Skeeter lay waiting for the ambulance he held a brief, hurried talk with his partner.

"Remember, Jim," he said in a low tone, audible enough to Skeeter, "them two tanks what's marked is them what has the gasoline forced in 'em; other two's plain. The team's all right, ain't it?"

The man nodded.

"Then get 'em up to the Regent as soon as you can," the injured man continued. "Bill knows the mark, but be sure'n tell him they're for the second performance tonight."

Blink had Skeeter home by seven o'clock. Visions of the preparations which their mother and Skeeter and he had made for their Christmas feast had strengthened his pleadings with the hospital doctors. They found a badly sprained ankle and a few bruises.

Blink had cast aside all thought of the theater after the accident, but when his mother and he had made Skeeter comfortable in bed, Skeeter said, "Ain't youse goin', Blink?"

"Ain't no good," returned Blink, shifting awkwardly.

"Ain't?" repeated Skeeter, his head thrust up in emphasis. "Dat's all you knows. Why, dere's goin' to be two performances tonight."

Blink's eyes opened wide in surprise. "Two!" he exclaimed. "Who said so?"

"De man what went to de hospital wit' me," said Skeeter, and he told of the conversation. "Hully Jim!" exclaimed Blink excitedly. "Dere must be some class to dat show."

"I tink so," Skeeter agreed. "An' say, Blink, you go, an' tomorrer youse kin tell me all about it."

Blink slipped his knee and jumped from his chair. "I never 'ought of dat," he said. "I'll do it."

A long line of eager newsboys stretched from

"Great Mike!" he exclaimed. "Why didn't I see dat last week?"

the gallery entrance to well down Fourteenth street when Blink arrived.

Step by step he moved along the line, passing the brilliantly lighted stores from which shone an unending array of Christmas things. At last a glittering display of surgical instruments dazzled him; his eyes rested on two long pieces of polished wood crossed as a background to the shining metal pieces, and he stopped, wide-eyed and open-mouthed.

In a moment Blink was out of the line. In another hour he was home, standing before his mother and holding a pair of crutches up to her astonished gaze, with but fifteen cents left in his pockets.

Haltingly, Blink told his story to his mother and asked her to wait until next week for her Christmas present, at which Mr. Corrigan folded the boy in her arms until he suddenly straightened up, excited.

"Say, look dere!" he exclaimed, pointing breathlessly to a bright glare in the western sky. "Gee! Will yez look at it. Dere's a whoppin' big fire somewheres."

It was half past ten o'clock when Blink reached Broadway. The sidewalks were filled with the usual Christmas eve crowd, most of them unheeding of the fire toward which Blink was hurrying.

With each step the crowd grew denser, the excitement greater. Occasionally a few people came hurrying in the opposite direction, and from these Blink heard a lot of mixed rumors. But what he did hear made him rush the faster. It was the Regent theater; an explosion that seemed to start a fire all over the theater at once, a panic, and a score or more of people supposed to have been lost.

For a moment Blink shuddered at what he felt was a narrow escape for Skeeter and himself. But his boyish excitement gave little room for sentiment, and he became all intent upon getting nearer.

"Couldn't You Stop It?"

Presently the voices of two men caused Blink to draw farther in. They stopped near by and one said:

"My God, Gallagher! There's people been killed. Wasn't there no way? Couldn't you stop it?"

"How could I stop it?" came the growling reply. "I had the two marked tanks stored away in 'props' room, fixed so's I could turn 'em on last thing before I left after the house closed. Everything was O. K., I tell you, until the tanks we had on the calcium lights got weak just in the burglary scene. The stage manager got hot and called for them other tanks. Well, there was nothin' to it; I had to get 'em out. I was makin' slow work so's the scene would be over, but the stage manager was fiery. He had them things connected in a second, turned 'em on, and when the gasoline spray hit them red-hot limestones in the lamp—My God! I never seen anything like it. Both tanks burst together, and—you know the rest."

The two men were silent for a moment, then, "Where's the manager, Jim?"

"I don't know," was the reply Blink heard. "We warned him. Well, it's done now, but I wish we could have burnt his house without—"

"Shut up, man. Somebody might hear."

A heavy prolonged rumble, followed by a dull crash of falling walls, the shouts of firemen, and an increased crackling of the flames held the men speechless for a moment while Blink crawled to the edge of the areaway. Then:

"How about Collins? He might blow. Let's go to the hospital and talk to him. It'll be safer."

There was another pause, then the reply: "I never got the name of the hospital. I don't know where he is."

"You don't!" came the astounded voice. "Then we will have to beat it. This is no place for me and you."

The story had become very apparent to Blink, and before the men started he had picked his way down the smoke-filled alley, turned back, running, purposely stumbled against them, and stood panting for breath.

"Say," he said, between breaths, "could youse guys tell me where I could find Mister Gallagher?"

The men eyed Blink suspiciously. "What d'you want with him?" asked one of them.

"They's a guy sick in the City hospital what wants to see him right away," returned Blink. "They sent me up here on a dead run."

Another great crash and then the smoke in the alley became blinding. But Blink saw the men run, and he fancied he saw also a grin of satisfaction.

Close on their heels Blink ran to the nearest telephone and called the city editor of the Record. He was not a stranger to that official, and he said, "Dis is Blink Corrigan. Know me?"

"Yes, yes; what is it?" came a hurried voice. "I've got somethin' great for youse and the Record about de fire," answered Blink excitedly. "Send a man and two plain cops to meet at de City hospital right away. Tell 'em to wait fer me if I don't get dere ahead of dem. I'll point out de men they got to arrest. Are youse on?"

"Cause of fire?" questioned the city editor. "Sure, an' a stunner."

At the hospital Blink stationed himself in the shadow of one of the big columns at the main entrance. Presently the two men from the theater appeared. Blink's heart started to sink, but as they turned to mount the steps the Record man and two headquarters men turned the corner.

Blink slid out from behind the pillar, ran down the steps, and wildly waved his arms to the detectives. "Pinch 'em!" he cried, as they hurried up.

The two men turned about. "What's this for?" asked one.

Excitedly Blink blurted out the story. It caused a laugh from the men, looks of incredulity on the part of the detectives, and even a question on the face of the reporter. But Blink, instead of losing his nerve, remembered stories of the "third degree," boldly jerked his thumb over his shoulder and said, "No use bluffin'. It's all up wid youse. He's confessed—got scared when he heard of de fire."

Blink plucked at the sleeve of one of the detectives and pulled him aside. "Say," he whispered, "dat was a bluff about him confessin'."

"I know it, you scamp," the officer replied; "but he will son, don't you worry."

The mental preparation of the injured man within the hospital by the police was a slow and tedious process through which Blink was consoled by numerous winks from the reporter. It was long after press time before the detectives called upon the newspaper man to take down the confession, which verified Blink's story. In the meantime the reporter had written the main features of the story in anticipation, waited only for the verification and motive, and when they came was off in an instant. Blink followed and laid in a stock of papers, which promised to contain an unusual and rapid-selling story.

They did, and they sold more rapidly than ever before in all Blink's professional experience. Only after the edition was exhausted Blink went home, armed with the proceeds in the form of two bundles, one for his mother and one for Skeeter.

It was a glorious Christmas morning. The sun had risen brightly and Blink went in whistling. Just as he passed into the room a messenger arrived and handed in an envelope and a copy of the Record. It was the first opportunity Blink had had to spell out the headlines, and on the front page in big, black type, supported by half a dozen subheads and encircled by a heavy blue pencil mark were the words: "A Newsboy Detective."

Blink cast it aside with the expression, "Slush!" opened the envelope, and passed it to his mother.

Mrs. Corrigan read:

"My dear Blink: Inclosed find check for \$50 in part payment for last night's work. By your friendliness to us, the delay in securing the confession, and the fact that the men on the other papers were chasing up the manager of the Regent in every corner of New York for a story on the cause of the fire, the Record made the greatest scoop in history. Therefore, I say, the inclosed is in part payment. Please come to the office tomorrow night prepared to go to work."

"ANDERSON, C. E."

Plenty of exercise, fresh air, regular hours—is all the prescription you need to avoid Influenza—unless through neglect or otherwise, a cold gets you. Then take—at once



Standard cold remedy for 20 years—in tablet form—safe, sure, no opiates—breaks up a cold in 24 hours—relieves grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. The genuine box has a Red top with Mr. Hill's picture. At All Drug Stores.

### Her Title.

Bacon—I understand his wife has a position now?

Egbert—Yes. She's working at a ribbon counter in a department store. "And does he call her his better half?"

"No; his counter-part."

### A Good Match.

"When I get a cur, I want one which will suit me." "Then, my dear, you had better get a runabout."

### Unexpected.

Clerk—"My salary is not what it should be." Employer—"But could you live on what it should be?"



## Acid-Stomach Ruins Health of Millions

Besides those painful attacks of indigestion; that awful bloated, lumpy feeling after eating and downright stomach misery that you who have experienced it know so well; besides disgusting belching, food-repeating, sour stomach and distressing heartburn—besides all this, ACID-STOMACH undermines the health and saps the strength of millions.

If you don't get rid of those stomach miseries there is no telling where your stomach troubles will end, for it is a well known scientific fact that many serious ailments have their start in an acid-stomach.

Start now—this very day to get rid of your stomach miseries—take EATONIC—the wonderful remedy that absorbs the excess acid from the stomach and brings INSTANT relief. You simply have no idea how much better, stronger and brighter you feel at once. It drives out all the gas and bloats, puts an immediate stop to belching and heartburn, ends stomach suffering and makes it cool, sweet, comfortable and strong.

There can be no further excuse for you to allow acid-stomach to wreck your health—pile up misery upon misery until you get to the point where you feel down and out and that life has lost all its joys. Remember, just as acid-mouth ruins teeth, so acid-stomach ruins health.

Take EATONIC. It's good, just like a bit of candy and makes the stomach feel fine. You can then eat the things you like and, what is more, every mouthful you eat will count in creating power and energy. You'll feel so much better—have punch and pep—the power and will to do things and get results, and your stomach misery will be gone.

Take our advice. Get a big box of EATONIC from your druggist today. It costs so little. If it fails to remove your stomach distress, he will refund your money. That is guaranteed, you are to be satisfied or money refunded.

**EATONIC**  
FOR YOUR STOMACH'S SAKE  
Magic Relief for Bad Stomachs

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